Vol. V. Numb. 25.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of Addreſſing Her Majeſty on the late Glorious Victory. The Obſervator *and* Country-man's *Addreſs to Her Majeſty on the ſame. The* Rehearſer *call'd to an Account, and Treated as he deſerves.*

From Saturday June the 8th, to Wednesday June the 12th, 1706.

Country-m. After *Obſervator*, I wonder at one thing.

Obſ. I wonder at a great many things: But, prithee, what do'ſt thou wonder at?

Country-m. I wonder that the Loyal People of *England* don't Addreſs Her Majeſty upon the Glorious Succeſs of Her Arms, and the Advantage God has given us over the *Common Enemy* of *Europe*.

Obſ. The Accounts are but new; and, perhaps, no *Quarter-Seſſions*, or Meeting of the Principal Men of the Country has happen'd ſince that time: But I hope the whole Nation will Addreſs and Congratulate Her Majeſty on ſo Solemn an Occaſion.

Country-m. I hope ſo too; for we had never more Reaſon. Thinking of this Thing, thought I, tho' the *Obſervator* and his *Country-man* has met with many hard *Uſages* from *Men* in *Power*; and tho' they have been *Villify'd* and *Scandaliz'd* by the *Enemies* of the *Government*, yet they have received no Injury from the *Queen*; She, God Bleſs Her, never did us any Damage, and notwithſtanding our *Afflictions*, we never had the leaſt ill Thought of Her Majeſty, but have Conceived all things that are Good concerning Her Majeſties *Perſon* and *Government*, as becomes *Loyal* and *Dutiful Subjects*; and therefore I ſat down and ſcrall'd out a *Loyal Addreſs* for us *both*.

Obſ. But who wilt thou get to deliver this *Addreſs*? Thou art acquainted with no Great Perſon at Court.

Country-m. Not I, Maſter, but we may read our *Addreſs* our ſelves, and wiſh that the *Queen* read it too.

Obſ. Prithee let me read it.

Country-m. Maſter, you can't read it, I write a Hand like a Fiſt, and, therefore, I'll read it to you.

To the Queens moſt Excellent Majeſty, the Humble Addreſs of the Obſervator *and his* Country-man.

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,

WE Your Majeſties moſt Dutiful and Loyal Subjects, the Obſervator *and his* Country-man, *taking into Our Serious Conſideration the Great and Glorious Victories with which God Almighty has bleſt Your Majeſties Arms, and thoſe of Your Allies, under the Command of Your Noble Generals, the Duke of* Marlborough, *and Earl of* Peterborough, *do, in the firſt place, return Thanks to God Almighty for ſo Signal a Mercy, and next to Your Majeſty, whoſe Great Wiſdom and Conduct, under God, has brought theſe Things to paſs, ſo much to the Honour and Glory of the* Engliſh *Nation.*

Tho' all Europe, *as well as Your own People, have Reaſon to Thank Your Majeſty for Your Hearty and Pious Endeavours, bleſt with ſuch Wonderful Succeſs in pulling down the Common Enemy, yet We, Your Majeſties Natural Born Subjects, have much more Reaſon to Thank Your Majeſty for Eſtabliſhing a* Peace *at Home, and Diſcouraging Men of* Hot *and* Contentious Spirits, *whoſe Violent Proceedings would have created ſuch* Feuds *and* Animoſities *among Your Subjects, as would have made Your Majeſties* Government, *and the* Liberties *of Our Dear* Country, *precarious to a* Foreign Enemy.

We cannot but take this Occaſion of giving Your Majeſty Our moſt Hearty Thanks for the Wiſe and Prudent Choice of Your Miniſtry, *ſince which God has bleſt us with Succeſſes unknown to former Ages, and by their influence with ſuch a Unanimity of Minds at Home, the which we have a long time wanted, and which alone can make both Queen and People Happy.*

Your Majeſty ſeems inſpir'd by Heaven in all Places to Conquer; Abroad by the Power of Your Arms, *and at Home by Your* Lenity *and* Moderation; *the One makes You Formidable in Foreign Climates, and the Other Belov'd by Your beſt Subjects; Abroad You have ſav'd a Sinking Empire from Ruin; by one puſh of Your* Arms *have ſhoved a* Uſurper *from the Throne of* Spain; *and yet have You made Your Self more Glorious by laying a Spell on that* Inteſtine Evil Spirit *that rag'd at Home, diſturb'd the Scenes of Your Glorious Reign, and fill'd us with Thoughts of future Ruin.*

Nor have the Succeſs of Your Majeſties Arms *at Land Redounded more to the Honour of the* Engliſh *Nation, than the Triumphs of Your* Navy *at Sea; Aſhore You are the Protectreſs of* Injur'd Princes, *the Deliverer of* People Oppreſs'd *from* Inhumane Bondage; *at Sea You are the Empreſs of the* Ocean; *at the approach of Your* Naval Power, *the* Marine Forces *Inglorioufly fly to the Covert of their Harbours; Your* Empire *is Extended every where Abroad, and Settled at Home in the Hearts of Your Subjects.*

And tho' We, Your Majeſties moſt Dutiful Subjects, do Addreſs Your Majeſty in Words as plain as our ſelves, and ſuitable to the Sincerity of our Hearts, yet We can aſſure Your Majeſty that We are as much Devoted to Your Service, as thoſe that ſhall approach Your Royal Preſence in Quaint *and* Beau *Expreſſions, the uſual Concomitants of* Flattery; *and that, in Caſe Your Majeſty ſhould want the Aſſiſtance of Your Good Subjects, in Defence of Your* Juſt Title *to the* Imperial Crowns *of theſe* Kingdoms, *We will uſe our* Swords *and* Towels *as well as our* Pens, *to the hazard of Life and Limb in Defence of Your Majeſties Royal* Perſon *and* Government.

That God Almighty will Grant Your Majeſty many more Victories, many, many more Years to reap the Advantage of them, and late, very late remove you to a better Kingdom, a better Crown than You now enjoy, is the Hearty Prayer of, Dread Soveraign,

The *Obſervator*, John Tutchin;

and his *Country-man*, Roger Sharper.

Obſ.

Obſ. Well, Honeſt *Roger*, I have Heartily Sign'd this Addreſs, and I am ſatisfy'd the major Part of the Kingdom, and that by a great Majority will ſay *Amen* to what we have done in this Caſe. We had never more Reaſon to Bleſs God, and Thank Her Majeſty. The *Engliſh* Nation was never under Better and more Honourable *Circumſtances*; nor *Europe* in better hopes of a Settled and Laſting *Tranquility*.

Country m. This is apparently true; and yet the little *Hounds* Snarl and Growl. Here's the *Rehearſal* is Tempting us to *Diſ-Union*, by ſtarting *Invidious* and *Malicious Subjects*, advancing *New Notions*, in order to ſet the Nation in a *Flame*. Have you read his Paper of *Wedneſday* laſt?

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*, I find he's repeating Old *Lies*, and telling new Ones. *Lies*, *Forgery*, and *Invention*, are the *Artillery* of *High-Church*: You ſaw but lately how they play'd upon the *Crown* and *Miniſtry* from the Battery of their *Memorial*, erected againſt *both*.

The main Deſign of his Paper of *Wedneſday* laſt, is to amuſe the People with *Notions* that the *Whigs* are Enemies to the D. of *Marlborough*, and that they leſſen his Victories; and he tells you a Story of a *Whig* that ſaid, *The Duke of* Marlborngh *has good Luck. But there are a* 1000 *Men in* England *cou'd have done the ſame Things.*

Now I muſt believe this to be an Arrant *Lye*, as coming from a *High-Church-Prieſt*, whoſe Tallent is *Lying*; for had there been any thing of reality in it he wou'd have Nam'd the Perſon; and ſo e'en let this *Forgery* be Recorded among the many others in the Pocket of his *Sandwich* Breeches.

But, *Roger*, ſuppoſe this *Whig* did ſay ſo, where's the harm? Where is the *Treaſon* or *Sedition* in it? That the Duke of *Marlborough* is Fortunate and Lucky in War all muſt acknowledge; and God forbid that the *Engliſh* Nation ſhould want a Thouſand Men who wou'd do the ſame thing, if they were in the ſame Place; and God be thanked that we have a General in the Head of our Army, that will do ſuch things as does Confound the *Common Enemy* Abroad, and their Abettors, the *High-Flyers* at Home.

Says he farther, *The Crowd muſt not think but that a* Whig General *and a* Whig Army *might have done as well.* Pray, Mr. *Sauce Box*, who told you that the Duke of *Marlborough* was a *Tory-General? Scandalous Varlet!* to inſinuate a Thing of that Nature to the *Publick!* He can be no *Tory-High-Flying-General*; for had he been ſo, he would, e'er this time, inſtead of Conquering the *Enemy*, ha' betray'd our *Forces*, ha' prov'd a *Delinquent*, a *Treacherous Deſerter* of the *Common Cauſe*; and he cannot be of your Side, Mr. *Non-juror*, for then he will not be of the *Queens Side*, of his *Own*, or his *Countries Side*.

And, *Country man*, do but obſerve how he makes his *Booby* talk. *I hope*, ſays he, *the Church at Home will reap ſome Benefit by our* Victories *Abroad. And if they are ſucceeded by an Happy and Honourable* Peace, *the* Church *will then be ſo* Strong *as not to fear all the* Malice *of Her* Enemies, *who take this time of* War *to* Inſult *and* Trample *upon Her.*

This is ſaid in Defiance to Her Majeſties *Proclamation*, and the *Proſecutions* at *Law* againſt, and *Puniſhments* by *Law* of thoſe that have written of the *Dangers* of the *Church*. This is a downright *Proclamation* of the *Churches Danger*, that She has Enemies who *Inſult* and *Trample* upon Her in time of *War*, and threatening us that in time of *Peace* She ſhall be *Strong* enough to enable Her Sons to a *Religious War* at Home. Very well! This is *Inſulting* the *Government*, or I know not what to make of it.

But, Mr. *Prieſt*, I muſt tell you, That your *Church*, that is, the *High-Perkinite-Church* can reap no Advantage by all theſe *Victories*: Every *Shock* given the *Enemy* Abroad, ſhakes the Pillars of your *Church* at Home, Nails up your *Cannons*, and leaves you nothing but the Impotent *Malice* and *Revenge* of *Fools* and *Madmen*.

Honeſt *Roger*, I think we have Talk'd enough at this preſent time; but, I'll aſſure thee, as Occaſion ſhall ſerve, I ſhall give the People an *Antidote* againſt the *Poiſon* of the *Rehearſer*; who, Arguing from *Falſe Mediums*, endeavours to Captivate the Minds and Underſtandings of Her Majeſties Good Subjects, and by *Enormous Lies* and *Forgeries*, does Beſpatter thoſe that are the Queens beſt Friends.

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